

Dear, Father

It has been far too long since the last time I wrote. I guess you could say I yearn for home just a bit. I miss you and mother and all the rest of the family. I miss the potato farms as well. I know you have many mouths to feed and hope the farms are doing better than when I left. As of now I am living in New York City and in a way it kind of feels like home. I live in a smaller part of the city with mostly all Irish migrants here for the same reasons I am; too find a better life. There aren’t many places to find work but I seem to have found luck in what was a poverty ridden life. Right now I’m working for the fire department here in NY. The pay isn’t great and it’s a dangerous job, but I take what I can get around here. It also makes me feel like a true American as I am helping protect this country I have sworn my life too.

While America is in part good there are many parts of life here I that make me long for home. There is so much illness and death around me. In the confined part of the city that we Irish live it’s easy to spread something around but the problem is we can’t get a real doctor anywhere. They think of us as inferior people here and we can’t get the same benefits the other Americans get. And it doesn’t help that we have such different accents from these Americans. I thought for sure language wouldn’t be a problem. English is English, right? Well these people speak with an accent I have never heard and it’s so hard to understand them! My different accent also labels me as Irish which immediately seems to make me of lower class than everyone else. I’ve been able to deal with these problems, but an event happened recently that just set me off. Only a couple months ago those damn Protestants marched up and down the streets of the Catholic neighborhood I live in celebrating their victory at Boyne! Can you believe it? The nerve of some people.

While my time in America has been a mix of emotions I must say that I’m glad I came. Leaving allowed me to start my own life in a land where opportunity may be scarce, but is more abundant than where I came from. While the people may degrade me I still believe in myself and my abilities and it allows me to move past those hardships. Well I have come to the end of what I have to say. My regards to my friends back in Ireland and my love to the family.

Warmest regards,

Patrick

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